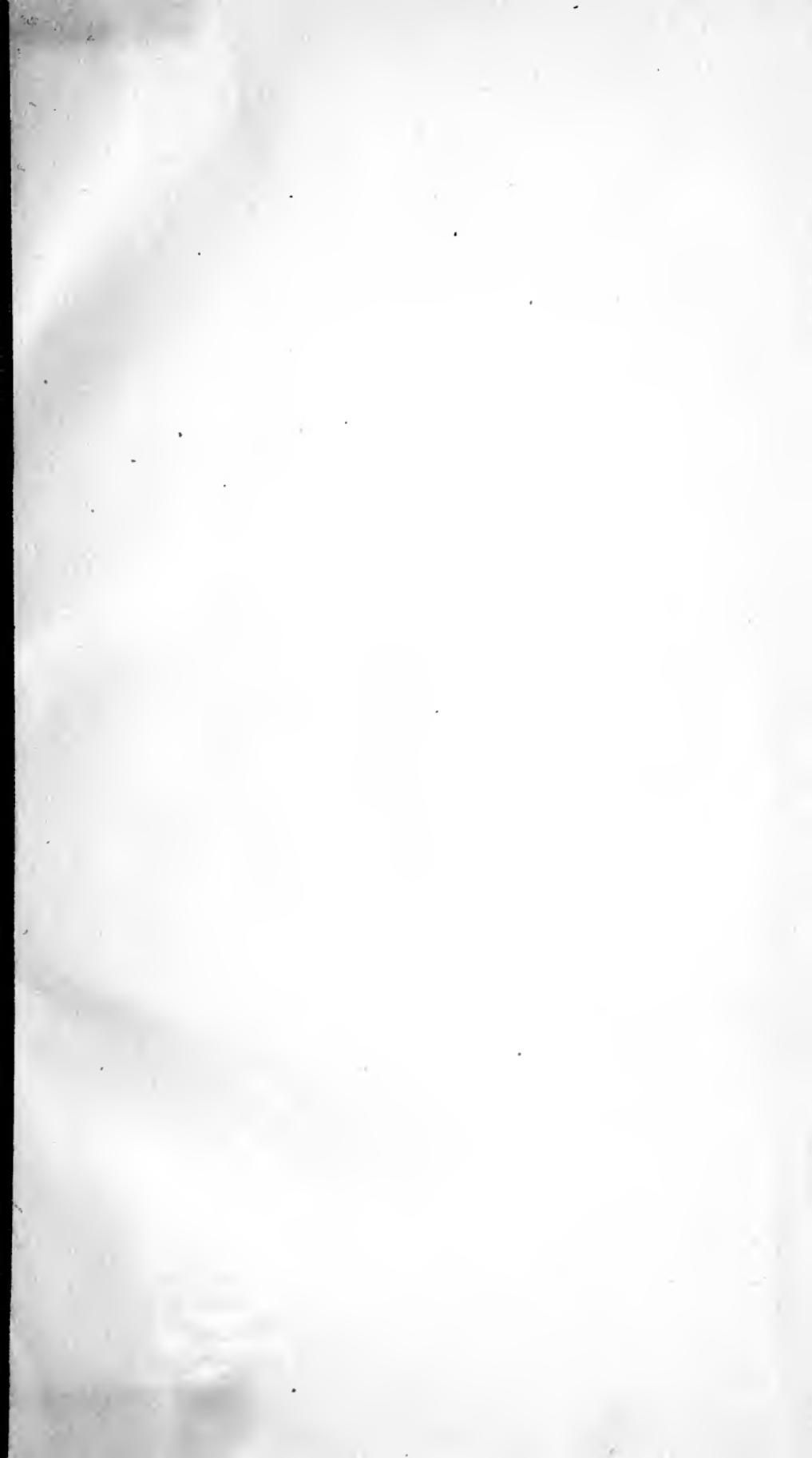


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THE

[xvi]

THE  
COMPLAINT.

PENSIVE, and slow, with solitary steps  
I trace the gardens wonted paths, by late  
Remorse, and impotent regret, compell'd  
To ruminate on youthful follies, sad  
Original of thousand ills, of dire  
Misfortune's baleful train th' unheeded source :  
Pale Poverty, whose spectre form attends  
Sorrow and faded Care, and haughty Scorn  
Of sterner aspect, and Unkindness harsh  
The glance averting of her alter'd eye  
At the dread nod of her terrific Queen;

Through the same ways my feet unguided bear  
 Me oft-returning, as the restless bird  
 Of summer, in repeated circles flies  
 With rapid wing, and panting fears to fix  
 Her claws adhesive on the grassy turf :  
 Thus circling move I with unequal pace,  
 Regardless of the never-ceasing hum  
 That fills my unattending ears ; the laugh  
 Of playful children through the swarming street  
 In eager chase, and jocund merriment  
 Pursuing each the other ; the loud peal  
 Of bells, to melody by neighb'ring stream  
 Soften'd from harshest tone, the rattling car,  
 And hoarser jarring of the pond'rous wain,  
 With all th' incessant din of busied trade.

Nor less unnotic'd is each rural sound  
 That strikes my once-enraptur'd ear, the song

Of

Of whistling blackbird, the soft-cooing dove,  
 The bleat of ewe distress'd, that earnest calls  
 Her wanton young far wand'ring from her side  
 In heedless gambols through the neighb'ring mead,  
 In vain from yonder copse, whose boughs o'erhang  
 Stour's cavern'd banks, sad Philomel repeats  
 Her melancholy strain, with throat compref's'd  
 Hoarse-gurgling now, and now with lengthen'd notes  
 Of still small sound preluding to a song  
 Of richeft, thickly-warbled melody.  
 To other ears, sweet bird, address thy lay !  
 Thy strains, the sweet artificers of calm  
 Delight, and pensive pleasure, are of pow'r  
 To sooth to wish'd forgetfulness the cares  
 Of less afflicted mortals, whilst my mind  
 Brooding o'er mis'ry, dull to other sense,  
 Heeds not thy plaintive tale, thy tale of woes.  
 How light thy sorrows, when compar'd with mine !

But ah less tuneful my complaint, and rude  
 The cadence of my verse; the mind oppres'd  
 Builds not with symmetry, and proportions due  
 The lofty rhyme, but oft in vain essays  
 To rise, by spirit-damping cares weigh'd down,  
 As sickning bird that droops with moulting wing.  
 To thee unmindful of past ills, a few  
 Short vernal suns, forgetfulness will bring  
 Of thy lost brood, and fond maternal hopes  
 To rear a second tuneful progeny.  
 To thee regardless of impending want  
 Each lonely dingle, and each hilly croft  
 Abundant food supplies, where swarming ants  
 People the black'ning hillocs earthy round.  
 For me, nor fleeting months, nor grateful change  
 Of seasons, in successive order roll'd,  
 Nor fluctuating ebb of human things  
 A long-lost brother can restore, or bid

Fond mem'ry from her living tablets raze  
 The manly virtues, gracefully severe,  
 That high exalted his aspiring soul  
 Above the vulgar herd ; yet gentler oft  
 Their native firmness would relax, 'mid souls  
 Congenial, and in social converse mild,  
 Disclose each rare endowment, Attic wit  
 Temper'd by stronger sense, and copious stores  
 Of classic lore, harmonioufly commix'd  
 With genuine thought, and knowledge underiv'd.  
 Nor seldom would he with a master's hand  
 Strike to bold chords the lyric shell, or pour  
 In freedom unrestrain'd the flowing rhyme.\*

O early-lost farewell ! th' officious muse  
 True to affection's call, would duly pay

\* See the following Poem, entitled " The Pyramids of Egypt."

To thy lov'd shade, the well-deserved meed  
 Of tuneful tears, but that the icy hand  
 Of poverty with numbing influence choak  
 Chill'd inspiration's half-extinguished flame.  
 Fain would she sing how Itchen parent-stream  
 Struck with deep sorrow, check'd his murm'ring waves  
 Too eager haste ; whilst on his banks he view'd  
 Thy length'ning fun'rals melancholy pomp  
 In solemn, measur'd paces, flowly move.  
 Fain would she sing, how to old Ocean's court  
 The god repairing, 'mid th' assembled train  
 Of kindred deities, in speech abrupt  
 His fatal message told, th' untimely fate  
 Of him, his luckless favorite, which heard,  
 Sudden fair Isis, mute with sorrow, droops,  
 And from his chrystral throne, astonish'd Thames  
 Leaps, and with eager violence dashes down  
 His coral sceptre on the azure floor.

Him weeps the goddess of her tuneful sons  
 The first, the chiefest, him, the god who erst  
 In Latian strains of manliest energy  
 Loud sung the praise of his majestic stream.\*

Yet still, though quench'd her native flame, the muse  
 Upheld by Patience, and her sister bland  
 Calm Resignation, can with pious zeal  
 Kiss the afflictive rod, and though oppress'd  
 With fruitless anguish, impotent regret,  
 Can bless the gracious pow'r that gives, nor blame  
 The hand that takes away, fond thought ! perhaps  
 Left the drear prospect of the ills that wait  
 A brother's house, should with too keen a sting  
 His wakeful sense of woes fraternal wound.  
 Still does she seem, though rev'rend awe restrain

\* See the Latin Poem entitled " Rex Fluviorum Thamesis."

Her ken inquisitive, to view conceal'd  
 Beneath each just dispose of heav'n, some wise,  
 Some merciful intent, some real good  
 Unhop'd for, springing from imagin'd ill.  
 Still, though the sacrifice of scorn, she tread  
 This vale of tears with poverty her guide,  
 Yet arm'd with holy courage can she frame  
 Her meek petition thus "Thou gracious pow'r  
 " Parent of good, omnifcient Lord, accept  
 " Thy lowly servant's grateful thanks, how due!  
 " For that thy tender and paternal care  
 " Of human frailty mindful, and the charm  
 " Of unresisted wealth, hath kindly plac'd  
 " The least, the lowest of thy worshippers  
 " In poverty's secure, though barren shade.  
 " O may my feeble virtue, impotent  
 " Of good, but for thy timely aid, derive  
 " New strength from thy due chaitisement, nor sink

" In

“ In blank dejection spiritless, though clouds  
“ Of gath’ring woe impend ; but rather taught  
“ Affliction’s wisdom-giving lore, subdue  
“ Wild passion’s clam’rous train, that vanquish’d yield  
“ To moderation’s sway th’ usurped breast ;  
“ And calm’d by charity, meek, christian grace,  
“ In passive patience bear th’ unheeded taunts  
“ Of scornful pride, th’ oppressive violence  
“ Of wrested law, the loss of former fame,  
“ With all the accumulated ills that still  
“ Th’ unenvied haunts of poverty attend.”

THE  
**PYRAMIDS OF ÆGYPT,**

*Written in the year 1771, at Winchester College, by  
 the late Reverend Thomas Warton, of New College,  
 Oxford.*

QUEEN of the east, whose penetrating mind  
 Disclos'd the light of science to mankind ;  
 Who gave each arts' fair offspring to arise,  
 Who taught Astronomy to wing the skies,  
 Where Property and Order first began,  
 And sacred Law, chief excellence of man ;  
 How art thou fall'n ! thy glories, Ægypt, fled,  
 Thy sons of wisdom funk among the dead !

But

But still aspires yon structure's cloud-capt height,  
 O'er Cairo's turrets less'ning to the sight :  
 Still does the Arab wild, who wanders nigh,  
 Search for the well-known top with weary eye.  
 High, as old Sangar crown'd with waving woods,  
 (The father he of Nilus' thund'ring floods)  
 Lifts to the nearer stars his pine-clad brow,  
 And frowns upon the humble cliffs below :  
 So yon aerial pile, whose topmost stome  
 (Where hovers round the stork with clam'rous moan,  
 And fears to place so high her infant brood)  
 Is rough with antique charms, and numbers rude ;  
 Such as could cause Nile's constant stream to fail,  
 Such as could strip Behemoth's iron mail,  
 Such as could blast the hope of Ægypt's land,  
 Or plant the fig-tree in the burning sand,  
 Such as could desart make Osiris' dome,  
 Or fix the tented Arab to an home.

Scarce on the top is heard the well-known song,  
 And bell, which leads the merchant train along,  
 While camels, rich with many a foreign bale,  
 Wind slowly trooping up the echoing vale.  
 Scarce can you view beneath the sailor's toil,  
 And sheeted masts that whiten all the Nile ;  
 Scarce can you hear the din of loud resort,  
 And busy murmurs of the crowded port,

But what avails the pomp of regal state ?  
 The pride of art so impotently great ?  
 Did nation then with foreign nation join,  
 And half the world to aid this work combine,  
 That the swath'd ghosts of Kings of ancient race,  
 Might sweep along these walls in ampler space ?  
 That foul corruption 'mid this pomp might reign,  
 And feast in pillar'd halls her crawling train ?

Britannia ! think of *Ægypt*, and of Rome,  
Nor lift for luxury the high-roof'd dome :  
Let charity her fav'ring pinions spread  
O'er ev'ry rising structure's tow'ring head ;  
Let age ne'er curse thy building's useless state,  
Let want sit smiling at each palace gate ;  
So shall thy glory stand to future days,  
And ev'ry Briton rival Wickham's praise.

## REX FLUVIORUM THAMESIS,

*Auctore Thomā Warton, 1772.*

[This Poem obtained the annual Prize-Medal at Winchester College in the year 1772.]

UNDARUM venerande Pater, qui sternis inanem  
 Majestate gravi fremitum, & tacito agmine pergis,  
 Ito, fretis effunde tibi quas Anglia læta  
 Credit opes, tardoque advolvere in æquora fluctu!  
 Ite, O Naiades, nam vestras Thameſis undas  
 Ipſe vocat faciles Genitor, fluviosque sequaces,  
 Ite choro propero per amabile plaudite littus,  
 Divæ, qua circum naturæ dædalus Ordo  
 Panditur, & rerum variarum oblectat imago.

Ja<sup>c</sup>tet olivetum licet atque cacumen Hymetti  
 Ilissus, licet ostendat convallis honores  
 Peneus insignis, regalesque irriget hortos  
 Flumine felici Tigris, tua, Sequana, rura,  
 Et vineta colat fautor dilecta Lyæus;  
 Pulchrior Iliso hic Fluvius, potioraque Tempe,  
 Flaventesque agri Pæstana rosaria vincunt  
 Et nitidas ja<sup>c</sup>tant quas Gallica littora vites.

O quis me ponat sublimi in vertice collis  
 Surgit ubi clivo molli Richmondia, & æquor  
 Subiectum asperat, circum undique florea rura  
 Templaque consurgunt, lateque patentia culta,  
 Et Sylvarum umbræ vario discrimine sparsæ  
 Per campos, armenta inter, divisaque agrorum  
 Meffis; nativo medius sinuamine lapsus  
 Littoreas salices, & tecta propinqua domorum

Riparum

Riparum villas ostentat latior amnis,  
 Dum tremulis undis adverso sole relucet.

Hic olim veteres, Regalis fæva Tyranni  
 Sceptra indignati, Montanis arcibus agmen  
 Conjuratorum procerum, & socia arma vocantes,  
 Jus libertatis sacrum, fædusque colendum  
 Firmarunt, Britones ; vidisti signa secuta  
 Cristatosque duces, vidisti in margine ripæ,  
 Dum lætus tacitas pressisti Thamefis undas,  
 Affixum marmor, circum et suspensa Tropæa.  
 Extat adhuc saxum, monumentum immane, superstes,  
 Insignit memoremque locum paetumque notandum.  
 Contra ubi tecta spæcūs pendentia pumice vivo,  
 Et Tophos pandit nativos, fila Popeius  
 Suavia percurrens, musas in vota vocavit,  
 Argumentum ingens reputans, & digna camænâ  
 Nomina, te Pater alme, tuoque in littore sylvas

Vinsorias celebrans, turriti et culmina tecti,  
 Culmina, quæ quondam mirandâ insigniit arte  
 Wiccamus Pater, antiqui monumenta laboris.

Salve ! sancta domus Regum, tuque Aula verenda  
 Heroum mater salveto, ubi in ordine longo  
 Insignem comitatum Equites, Edvardus in armis  
 Conjunxit, dum scuto atro, triplicique, decora  
 Exuviis Galli, plumâ, se regia agebat  
 Digna Patrum victor soboles ante ora parentis.

Majori affurgas æstu, majora fluenta  
 Devolvas, Rex Undarum, qua Augusta superbam  
 Infigit sedem, ripamque accingit utramque  
 Turribus, Urbs Regina Orbis ; quæ quantaque moles  
 Fluëtibus infertur, connectensque arcubus arcus,  
 Despicit illis asque undas & vana frementes.  
 Aspice, ut innumeris albescunt littora velis,

Innumeris remis vada fervent, inclytus auro  
 Plata, tibi cedros onerat, nativaque Volgam  
 Innatat altum abies, tibi, Flumen, ferica Ganges  
 Dat vexilla notis fluitare, et Turca, tiarâ  
 Submissâ, vestras turres miratur, & ædem  
 Antiquam Petri, Medinæque æmula busta,  
 Heroum sacras defixus suspicit urnas.

Illustres Regum manes, Umbræque verendæ  
 Augustam incolitis quæ sedem, Audite, sepultis  
 Si qua manet patriæ pietas, audite, nepotum  
 Emeritas laudes, ut vestra Britannia, tanta  
 Vertice sublimi gentes supereminet omnes,  
 Quantus in Oceani Genitoris Thamefis aulâ  
 Urnam majorem ostendens, & plura tropæa  
 Contemnit divos alios, turbamque minorem.

PART OF THE FIRST BOOK  
 OF THE  
 ARGONAUTICS  
 OF  
 APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

PHŒBUS inspire my song, while I resound  
 The deeds of men, in days of yore renown'd,  
 That o'er rough Pontus to the Phasian shores  
 Urg'd the swift Argo with unwearied oars ;  
 And by stern Pelias sent, restor'd to Greece  
 The radiant honors of the golden fleece.

For thus, O Phœbus, from the Delphic cell  
 Thrice Pelias heard thee Fate's decree foretel,

“ A stranger, with one foot unshod and bare,  
 “ Shall soon arrive—Of him, O King, beware.”

Thus spoke the god; when Jafon pass'd the plains,  
 Where roar'd Anaurus swell'n with wintry rains,  
 And as he strove to ford th' indignant flood,  
 Sudden immers'd beneath the rising mud,  
 Each shoe forsook his feet—with one regain'd  
 He hasten'd to Pelias' hall—so Fate ordain'd;  
 He hasten'd the solemn festal rites to share  
 Which Pelias then (and such his annual care)  
 To Neptune chief, and all th' immortals paid,  
 Yet still was Argive Juno disobey'd.  
 Instant the King, as Jafon met his eyes,  
 “ Lo! this the man decreed by Phœbus,” cries:  
 Then strait, th' impending danger to prevent,  
 To distant seas and shores the youth he sent,  
 To strive with shipwrecks on the watry way,  
 Or fall to savage men an helpless prey.

Fame oft has told how Argus' dædal hand  
 Rear'd the huge frame, that bore the val'rous band.  
 Be mine the birth of each, and toils, to sing ;  
 Ye Muses all your aid propitious, bring !  
 With Orpheus' sacred name begin the song,  
 Whom, sweetest sister of the tuneful throng,  
 Calliope, to brave Æagrus bore  
 Where steep Parnassus rears his forests hoar.  
 He bent the stubborn cliffs by music's force,  
 His verse could tame the torrent's headlong course.  
 Ev'n now the shore of Thracian Zone along,  
 Fair monuments of his prevailing song.  
 Tall, spreading beeches wave in verdant row,  
 Drawn by his harp, from Pindus' neighb'ring brow.  
 Him, King of Thrace, the partner of his woes,  
 As Chiron sagely counsell'd, Jafson chose.  
 And next, for whom his Sire Cometes tri'd  
 Love's joys on proud Apidnus' fruitful side,

(There, where his streams, vast regions wander'd o'er,  
 Pour on Enipeus' tides in horrid roar)  
 Afterion, 'mid the chiefs enroll'd his name ;  
 To him succeeds the mighty Polypheme ;  
 Larissa's glitt'ring tow'rs his fam'd abode,  
 Who, when with youthful heat his bosom glow'd,  
 Shone 'mid the Lapithæ in conqu'ring arms  
 To quell th' invading Centaurs loud alarms.  
 Though now cold age his fainting frame oppres'd,  
 Yet still the martial spirit warm'd his breast.  
 Nor long in native Phylace detain'd  
 Uncle of JASON, Iphitus remain'd.  
 He joins the band by ties domestic led,  
 His blooming sister shar'd old Æson's bed.  
 Admetus too forsook his spreading flocks,  
 And pastures bord'ring fair Chalcydon's rocks.  
 And next, who boast the son of MAY their Sire,  
 Their mother Menetus Antianire,

With

With Echion, Erytus adorn the band  
 Skill'd in their father's fly deceit of hand.  
 To these soft-tongued Æthalides succeeds  
 Their brother, whom beneath the whisp'ring reeds  
 That thinly shade Amphryssus' winding shore,  
 The martial Myrmidonian Pthias bore.  
 With these advanc'd from Gyrto's lofty feats  
 Coronus tried in war, and manly feats,  
 Yet was his Sire still fiercer in the fight  
 Who single turn'd the Centaur-train to flight ;  
 Tho' soon the Centaur-train resum'd their rage,  
 Fac'd back, and dar'd th' invading chief engage.  
 But tho' nor steel his hardy limbs might gore,  
 From Pelion's sides the nodding pines they tore ;  
 With these rush'd dreadful on, and buried deep  
 His yet unbroken limbs beneath the branching heap.  
 Next Mopsus came, whom Phœbus taught to sing  
 The flight of birds, and omens of the wing.

You too Eurydamas, yourfeat forf sake  
 Where Thracian Xynias sleeps, a fullen lake.  
 And Actor rous'd his son, from Opoen's tow'rs  
 To gain new palms amid th' assembled pow'rs.  
 Then haste Eurytion and Erybote,  
 Of Actor this, of Teleon that begot.  
 With these Oileus skill'd or to oppose  
 Or chase in headlong flight the trembling foes.  
 And Canthus mingled in the val'rous train  
 Sent by Canethus from th' Eubæan plain,  
 But brave, and warm'd with glorious hopes in vain. }  
 Ev'n now th' unerring Fates foretold his doom  
 Ev'n now they destin'd him an early tomb,  
 (With Mopsus, skilful of prophetic lore)  
 Far off on Lybia's solitary shore.  
 From Cholcis far, as from the western way  
 In orient glory dawns the god of day.

And

And next proud regents of th' Æchalian land,  
 Clytius, and Iphitus encrease the band ;  
 Their Sire stern Erytus, the Bowyer-god  
 On whom his quiver'd stores and bow bestow'd ;  
 But soon the chief (ah ill-requited gift)  
 Dar'd his own arms, against the god to lift.

Nor shall th' Æacidæ be lost to fame  
 Diff'rent their cities, tho' their birth the same :  
 For since in evil hour, and angry mood  
 They dar'd to dip their hands in brother's blood,  
 Beneath their guilty steel since Phocus bled,  
 Far from Ægina's native tow'rs they fled.  
 You, Telamon, in Atthis fix'd your seat,  
 Pthias to Peleus gave a safe retreat.  
 Nor martial Butes, from Cecropia's plain  
 Bold Teleon's offspring, shall unsung remain.

And

And brave Phalerus' name shall deck my page,  
 The blossom of his Sire's declining age :  
 Yet tho' this son alone remain'd to shed  
 The balm of comfort o'er his hoary head ;  
 Tho' blossom of his age, from his lov'd side,  
 Far off he sent the boy to stem the stormy tide.  
 Meantime, the bravest of the Athenian train  
 Thesus was held, in Pluto's heavy chain.  
 Since for Pirithous, his slaughter'd friend,  
 He dar'd to hell's dark passages descend.  
 Else both in Jason's aid had deign'd to rise,  
 And made the beamy fleece an easier prize.

Typhis Agniades shall next be fung,  
 From the Siphæan tribe in Thespa sprung.  
 'Twas his the future tempest to foretel,  
 And when the billowy plains would sink or swell.

'Twas

'Twas his, as sun or stars gave sign to guide  
 The murmur'ring prow secure along the tide.  
 A welcome chief, amid' th' heroic band  
 He claim'd a place at Pallas' high command,  
 Pallas who lent to Argus skill divine,  
 And taught the sage to shape the Pelian pine,  
 Than which no ship amid' the watry roar  
 Mov'd more obedient to the struggling oar.  
 Then Phlias march'd from Erythreas' tow'rs  
 His fable fountain where Asopus pours.  
 With these be, Talaus, thy name enroll'd,  
 Areius and Leodocus the bold.  
 Argos their seat, and Bias was their Sire,  
 With Neleis Pero mix'd in soft desire.  
 For whom within Iphiclus' plenteous stall  
 Long time Melampus groan'd in weary thrall.  
 Nor now could Hercules inactive sleep  
 While all with mutual ardor fought the deep.

Soon

Soon as it struck th' exulting hero's ear  
 How press'd the gallant chiefs from far and near,  
 Sudden his hasty feet retrod the plain,  
 O'er which constrain'd in many a massy chain,  
 He bore the savage of Lampeia's wood  
 That waves o'er Erymanthus' sedgy flood.  
 Which 'mid Mycenæ's chiefs assembled round  
 His huge hands heav'd scarce struggling to the ground.  
 Sudden he hastes as glory warm'd his breast,  
 Nor urg'd by fell Eurystheus' dire behest,  
 To meet th' assembled pow'rs :—beneath his fide  
 Hylas appears, in youth's fresh-springing pride.  
 Hylas the constant partner of his care  
 And faithful still his darts and bow to bear.  
 With these was Nauplius seen in arms to shine  
 Nauplius the seed of Danaus divine.  
 Nauplius in naval arts by none outvied  
 That occupied their busines on the tide.

By

By Danais Amymone disclos'd to birth,  
 His Sire the god that shakes the solid earth.  
 Last of the chiefs that Argos turrets boast  
 Idmon was added to th' advent'rous host ;  
 Tho' 'mid that host the chief his death foretold,  
 Skill'd in the lots that Fate's dark volumes hold ;  
 Yet still to shun the coward's hated name  
 He gave his life, a forfeit prize for fame :  
 Nor he, as fame reports, of Abas born  
 But of the god, that gives ambrosial morn.  
 By him inspir'd, the sage could well divine  
 From flight of birds, and each resplendent sign.  
 With Jason next to gain of fame the meed  
 Pollux the tamer of the fiery steed,  
 And Castor on victorious deeds intent  
 From Sparta's lofty turrets Leda sent.  
 Their birth divine how better could they prove  
 What task more glorious for the sons of Jove ?

And

And next their limbs with might prodigious brac'd,  
 Lynceus and Idas from Arena haste ;  
 Nor so renown'd was Lynceus' hardy might,  
 As the keen vigour of his piercing fight,  
 Which, if tradition fables not, survey'd  
 Thro' earth's deep centre hell's sequester'd shade.  
 You too, Periclymene, the train adorn  
 Eldest of Neleus' sons in Pylos born,  
 Thee Neptune taught in dangers of the fight  
 To shift at will thy shape, and cheat the fight.  
 Nor thou to speak the names, benignant Muse,  
 Of Cepheus, and Amphidamas refuse,  
 Aleus their Sire, and on th' Arcadian plain  
 Their proud inheritance Apheidas' reign.  
 With Tegeas' tow'rs, Ancæus these attends  
 Their eldest brother, whom Lycurgus sends.  
 Himself the part of filial duty chose  
 To cheer his hoary father's soft repose.

The youth, undeck'd with steel's resplendent pride,  
 Wore of a savage boar the horrid hide,  
 On Mænalus o'ershadow'd summits slain ;  
 His hands a two-edg'd battle-ax sustain,  
 For cautious to detain him safe at home,  
 Within the lofty castle's inmost dome,  
 (Vain stratagem, the breast when glory warms)  
 Aleus conceal'd the stripling's radiant arms.  
 Then lame Augæas boastful of his Sire  
 The god that rolls, bright Heav'ns diurnal fire,  
 Fir'd with ideas of the Colchian land  
 He left o'er Eleas' tow'rs his wide command,  
 Eager the Scythian tyrant to behold  
 He left his shining heaps of treasur'd gold.  
 And next from val'rous Hyperasius sprung  
 Amphion, and Asterius shall be fung ;  
 Their seat Pellene fair, which Pallas plac'd  
 Where the scoop'd shores resist the watry waste.

Next Polyphemus from Tænarus sublime  
 Eager advanc'd the wond'rous bark to climb ;  
 Well was he skill'd in airy course to sweep  
 O'er the blue surface of the level deep ;  
 And as the watry passage he pursued,  
 Scarce his suspended feet the brine bedew'd.  
 Brave Tytus' daughter whom Europa gave  
 To birth ; his Sire, the god that rules the wave.  
 And next, who Neptune's sacred lineage boast  
 Ancæus and Erginus join the host ;  
 This from the tow'rs that bear Miletus' name,  
 From Samos, that, where Juno's altars flame ;  
 Or skill'd to guide the vessel o'er the main,  
 Or urge the thunder of th' embattled plain.  
 The glorious conq'ror of the monstrous boar,  
 Next Meleager leaves th' Ætolian shore ;  
 Æneus his Sire, and Æneus' brother came  
 Laocoön, yet not their birth the same,  
 His mother was a mercenary dame.

} 'Twas

'Twas his with precepts mild of sapient age,  
 To guide his youthful nephew's headlong rage.  
 But had that youth within his native land  
 Told one year longer, ere he join'd the band  
 O'er all his virtues had superior shone,  
 Excell'd by godlike Hercules alone.  
 To him succeeds Iphiclus in the rear  
 Skill'd with unerring arm to launch the spear.  
 Or o'er the level green with winged pace  
 To bound the foremost in the rapid race.  
 Next Palæmonius, Lernus' offspring brave,  
 His aid with zealous pride to Jason gave.  
 Lernus his name, but Vulcan was his race,  
 For with one foot he limp'd an awkward pace.  
 Yet strong besides, and beauteous was his frame,  
 And fir'd his breast with valour's genuine flame.  
 The son of Naubolus next honour warms  
 Phocensian Iphitus to shine in arms :

Brave Jafon's host, what time from Pythos' fane  
 Phœbus foretold his dangers on the main.  
 Zetes, and Calais, next the heroes join  
 Of winged Boreas, the sons divine,  
 Who shar'd in Orithūias' fierce embrace  
 Far in the frozen bounds of wintry Thrace.  
 For as the festal dance the virgin led  
 O'er the green banks by fair Ilissus fed,  
 The god beheld her, and, enamour'd, bore  
 Far off to bleak Erginus sounding shore,  
 And where Sarpedon's tow'ring summits rise  
 Heaving to Heav'n his cliffs of horrid ice,  
 Bade rise around a fable mantling cloud  
 From mortal view their mutual joys to shroud.  
 Each chief with swiftness more than mortal springs  
 And shakes on either feet his gloomy wings ;  
 Which to the sun (cœlestial fight) unfold  
 Gay-glancing scales that blaze with burnish'd gold ;

While down their backs a sheet of azure hair  
 Rolls in redundant curls, and floats abroad in air.

Nor now th' indulgence of domestic ease  
 Detain'd Acastus from the stormy seas.  
 Nor Argus was away, whose dædal hand  
 Well knew to frame the works which Pallas plann'd.

Such were the chiefs in Jafon's cause who came,  
 Whom all around the Minyan noble's name  
 For all the bravest of the chosen host,  
 Their high descent from Minyas' daughters boast :  
 From Minyas sprung the beauteous Alcimede  
 Bore the brave chief, the val'rous train who led.

Now stood the ship in all her fair array  
 Complete, and furnish'd for the watry way :

The Princes haste to the Magnesian strand  
 Where, Pagææ, thy far-fam'd summits stand ;  
 And as around them press the thick'ning crouds  
 Blaze forth like silver stars, from fable clouds.  
 All on their dazzling arms in silence gaze  
 Awhile ; then thus disclose their deep amaze.  
 “ Eternal Jove ! what unforeseen alarm !  
 “ Say, why should Greece her bravest warriors arm ?  
 “ This pomp of war, Oh whither can she send ?  
 “ Or what can Pelias' dark designs intend.  
 “ Unless Æetes reconcil'd to peace  
 “ To yon brave host resign the radiant fleece ;  
 “ One day shall see the tyrant's stately spires  
 “ Smoke on the ground enwrapp'd in Grecian fires.  
 “ If thou, great Jove, but smooth the Pontic tide  
 “ And bid for JASON ev'ry storm subside.”

Meantime the matrons for their safe return  
 Prefer the pray'r, the steaming incense burn ;

Nor was their woe for Alcimedē oppref's'd,  
 While each her lov'd affociate thus addref's'd :  
 " Comes them at laſt misfortune's dreary ſtorm  
 " Thy life's unclouded evening to deform ?  
 " Sad Alcimedē ! and do the Fates deny  
 " Thine years to ſet, in mild ferenity ;  
 " But doubly, Æſon, is thy woe ſevere  
 " Far better born upon the fable bier,  
 " Thine aged limbs had ſlept in earth's cold womb,  
 " Ere thou hadſt known thy Jafon's dreary doom.  
 " Oh had the radiant ram when Helle died  
 " With Phrixus whelm'd beneath the cloſing tide  
 " Ne'er liv'd in human accents to diſclose  
 " The dark decrees of fate, and future woes."  
 And next of various ſex, and various years,  
 Amid her weeping ſlaves, the Queen appears.  
 While Æſon funk in languor as he lies  
 Bedews the bed of age with all a father's eyes.

But Jafon strives their unavailing woes  
 With balmy words of comfort to compose,  
 And bids th' assistants to the sounding shore  
 Of well-tried weapons waft an ample store ;  
 In silent grief th' assistant train obey,  
 And, weeping, to the vessel take their way.  
 But Alcimede, with woe superior stung,  
 Round Jafon's neck in fond embraces hung ;  
 The Virgin thus whom cruel fate detain  
 Baneath some rig'rous step-dame's tedious chain,  
 (Who each sad day with harsh ungentle sounds,  
 And taunts severe her meeker nature wounds,)  
 To sooth the sadness of her state forlorn  
 With her hoar-tressed nurse is seen to mourn :  
 Around her well-known neck her arms she throws,  
 And scarce for sighs can the big grief disclose.  
 Thus, as in close embrace she clasp'd her son,  
 Her sorrowing plaint had Alcimede begun :

“ Unhappy

" Unhappy Queen ! Oh had thy limbs been laid  
 " Long since in dark oblivion's silent shade,  
 " From life at once and sorrow's anguish freed,  
 " When Pelias thy sad distiny decreed.  
 " Then thy dear hands my languid eyes had clos'd,  
 " And in the tomb my breathless corse compos'd.  
 " This only office of thy filial care  
 " Thy wretched mother fondly hop'd to share.  
 " Ah what avails, that each Theffalian dame  
 " Once heard with duteous awe my lofty name,  
 " If joyless through my desolated dome  
 " I like a captive maid am doom'd to roam !  
 " Since all that lofty name I once could boast,  
 " And all my glories are in Jafon lost !  
 " For thee I first and last unloos'd the zone,  
 " For thee I felt Lucina's pangs alone.  
 " O unexpected stroke ! undreamt-of blow !  
 " That Phrixus' flight should prove the source of woe !"

Thus wept the Queen, th' attendant train receive  
 Her loud laments, and struck with mutual sorrow grieve.  
 When Jason thus his prudent speech address'd,  
 " Add not new griefs to this distracted breast ;  
 " For wretched mortals righteous Jove prepares  
 " A still-successive train of weary cares ;  
 " Yet, Oh my mother, let it sooth thy grief  
 " That Pallas lends thy son her sage relief,  
 " That lucky signs are giv'n from Phœbus shrine  
 " And all the flow'r of valiant Greece is mine :  
 " Do thou retir'd, with this thy faithful train,  
 " Peaceful at home, in calm repose, remain ;  
 " Yet Oh restrain thy unavailing tears,  
 " Nor thus, divine of ill, awake our fears!"

He spoke, and trod with loftier pace along,  
 Thick, and more thick, advance the eager throng :

As when Apollo leaves his fragrant shrine  
 Within his native Delos, isle divine,  
 Or from proud Claros, or from Delphos moves  
 Or Xanthus streams that lave wide Lycia's groves :  
 So mov'd great Jason, through the yielding croud,  
 The many rend the skies with plaudits loud.  
 Iphias, by duty urg'd, though bent with age  
 (Of guardian Artemis the Priestess sage)  
 With feeble steps, scarce struggles thro' the band  
 To kiss the parting heroes holy hand.  
 Much would she say, but unrestrain'd and rude  
 On the short interview the crouds intrude ;  
 And urging with resistless force aside  
 The weeping Matron from the chief divide.

Now reach his steps the Pagæan strand  
 Where lodg'd in Argo wait the godlike band.

He mounts her lofty sides, in order'd rows  
 The chiefs fall back, and one deep file compose.  
 Now from the town advancing to the bay  
 Argus, and young Acastus, they survey :  
 Yet came they not, as will'd their haughty Sire,  
 But mad for fame, and fill'd with votive fire.  
 Argus in many a dreadful fold unfurls  
 A bull's rough hide o'erspread with sable curls ;  
 Adown his mighty limbs, embroider'd o'er  
 With dædal hand, a vest Acastus wore,  
 Which erst his sister Peleopea wove,  
 And gave her brother, monument of love.  
 Meantime, left every tongue with varied sound  
 Of earnest questions order should confound,  
 A solemn council, thro' th' obedient band  
 Is held in state at Jafon's high command :  
 Some on the cordage and the sails are plac'd  
 Some take their seats, along the prostrate mast.

When

When Jason thus address'd th' assembled train,  
 " Whate'er may fit our vessel for the main,  
 " Or deck, or guard us, through the watry road  
 " Is duly, O my bounteous friends, bestow'd.  
 " Then why delay to bid th' unfurled sail  
 " Wait the first whispers of the prosp'rous gale.  
 " Yet Oh since all one common cause unite  
 " One toil to stem the stormy seas invite ;  
 " All to subdue the proud Æetes burn  
 " All wish to native Greece, a safe return :  
 " Ere yet we part, left future contests rise,  
 " Some gallant leader of our enterprise,  
 " With caution chuse ; or in the stern debate  
 " To guide th' embattled bands, with mind sedate ;  
 " Or if the Scythian King to peace incline  
 " In holy league the plighted hand to join."

He spoke ; on Hercules with one consent  
 Silent awhile their eager eyes they bent,

As in the midst he sat, then loudly cried,  
 " Be gallant Hercules, our godlike guide."  
 Stern from his seat, he thus address'd the band,  
 As all aloft he waves his mighty hand :  
 " To me a task too glorious is decreed ;  
 " That chief alone th' assembled troops shall lead,  
 " Who first conven'd us, urg'd by warmer zeal :  
 " Who dares deny Alcides' rage shall feel."

He spoke, around approving clamours ran ;  
 Then Jason rose, and joyful thus began :  
 " Since with united voice, my friends, ye deign  
 " That I conduct your labours o'er the main,  
 " Let ought retard us in the dang'rous way  
 " Our festal rites to Phœbus first we'll pay :  
 " And whilst my swains select of fairest hue  
 " Victims to deck the feast with honour due ;

" Our-

" Ourselves will heave the vessel from the shores  
 " Dispose the seats, adjust th' allotted oars :  
 " Then sacred to th' Embasian pow'r divine  
 " Our hands along the beach shall rear a shrine ;  
 " Who promis'd to direct our path aright,  
 " And ope old Ocean to my piercing sight.  
 " If ere my contest with the Colchian Lord,  
 " His aid were first in sacred rites implor'd."

He spoke, and to the toil his hands address'd  
 His great example kindling ev'ry breast :  
 They bare their limbs, their vests a radiant heap  
 Are thrown in haste upon a rocky steep  
 That o'er the sea's retreating surface rose,  
 Yet recent from the wave, and wet with ooze.  
 On either side, the naval armament  
 Duly they place on Argus' voice intent ;

The

The stores in happiest regulation place  
 The piny texture more completely brace ;  
 The looser planks with nails tenacious bind,  
 So shall her sides outbrave the rushing wind :  
 Then dig a trench, as Argo long and wide,  
 Whence to the waves descending she might glide,  
 Equal at first, the end with gradual sweep  
 Sunk deeper, reach'd the hoarse-resounding deep :  
 To this adapted in due-order'd rows  
 Beneath the keel, smooth leavers they dispose,  
 That when the first were touch'd, without delay  
 She o'er the rest might win her easy way :  
 Then to the thongs their oars inverted bound  
 On either side, and form two ranks around :  
 To these their hands, and hardy breasts apply,  
 Tiphys applauds the toil with cheering cry.  
 Eager they rush with hands, and breasts conjoin'd  
 And still a firmer footing seem to find :

Bursts from the trench the huge reluctant frame,  
 The striving heroes pour the loud acclaim.  
 Groan'd the stretch'd leavers, the vast keel beneath,  
 Issues the smoke in many a darksome wreath.  
 With crashing sound she shoots into the main,  
 The chiefs with skill her farther course restrain ;  
 Then make their oars in the smooth sockets fast,  
 And in the midship rear the spiry mast.  
 Then as the shaken lots their seats dispose  
 By pairs the heroes fill successive rows ;  
 Yet in the midst, a more distinguish'd space,  
 Ancæus Tegeas pow'rful King they place  
 With godlike Hercules, to these alone  
 As of superior rank was favour shewn.  
 But to brave Tiphys as of skill well-tried,  
 They gave the vessel's doubtful helm to guide.  
 Then of rude stones, that form'd the craggy shore,  
 The wand'ring chiefs collect an ample store ;

Of these devoted to th' Epaetian name  
 Of great Embasius, an high altar frame ;  
 And on its top by rites paternal led  
 A fading olive's leafless branches spread.

Meantime, the swains as Jafon gave command,  
 Conduct the victims to the winding strand ;  
 The salted cake prepare, the lavers bring  
 Fill'd with pure water from the chrystral spring ;  
 When thus in prostrate adoration laid  
 To Phœbus pow'r paternal, Jafon pray'd :  
 " Hear, Pagasæan King, whose sacred sway  
 " My father Æson's lofty tow'rs obey,  
 (" And think that from thy own prophetic tongue  
 " This train of all my destin'd labours sprung)  
 " Do thou direct us to the wish'd-for fleece,  
 " And waft our ship again to native Greece.

" To

" To thee, for every chief whose safe return  
 " Thy pow'r shall grant, a votive bull shall burn ;  
 " And many an off'ring hung aloft shall shine,  
 " Both at thy Pythian, and Ortygian shrine.  
 " Ere yet we fail, regard with fav'ring eyes  
 " This our first gift of solemn sacrifice.  
 " O pow'rful patron of th' unerring bow  
 " Ere yet we loose, some lucky omen show,  
 " If you but smile, each ruder storm shall sleep,  
 " And peace fit brooding o'er th' unruffled deep."

Thus pray'd the chief, and next in order due  
 The salted cake on Ocean's bosom threw ;  
 While Hercules and bold Ancæus rise  
 To slay the victims for the sacrifice.  
 On this with headlong hand the son of Jove  
 Where rose the front, his club's huge burden drove ;

Low sinks the beast beneath the knotty mass :  
 The brother-bull with battle-axe of brafs  
 Ancæus smote ; where tempting to the blade  
 Its ridgy length of brawn the neck display'd.  
 Spouts the black blood, the solid tendons burft,  
 Prone falling on his horns he ploughs the dust.  
 The limbs they fever from th' inclofing hide  
 The thighs selected to the gods divide,  
 On these in double caul involv'd with art,  
 The choicest morsels lay from every part,  
 Then on the cleft-wood place ; the flames aspire  
 While Jafon feeds with votive wine the fire.  
 Prophetic Idmon views with ravish'd eyes  
 The grateful steam o'er all the off'ring rise ;  
 And as the curling volume he surveys,  
 The oracle of Phœbus thus displays :  
 " The fates indulgent give ye to restore  
 " The golden fleece to Grecia's native shore ;

" Yet

" Yet ere your wish'd return from savage foes,  
 " From tempests, ye shall feel unnumber'd woes.  
 " For me, some luckless dæmon will ordain  
 " An early death, on Libya's lonely plain.  
 " This doom long since has my pervading eye  
 " Learn'd from the leaves of dark futurity.  
 " Yet what if death my enterprise await,  
 " Be that, if glory crown my name, my fate."  
 He spoke, attentive to the prophet's voice  
 The heroes for their safe return rejoice :  
 Yet only griev'd they, for th' untimely doom  
 Of Idmon destin'd to an early tomb.

Now came mild eve, the golden orb of day  
 Hasten'd to bath him in the western bay ;  
 The tow'ring cliffs with verdant woods array'd  
 Projected o'er the plains a longer shade.

With careful hands, the heroes on the shore,  
 Where from the sands retir'd the billows hoar,  
 Of high-heap'd leaves an ample couch compose,  
 There rest their mighty limbs in order'd rows.  
 In portion'd share rich viands smok'd around,  
 And luscious wine the copious goblets crown'd.  
 Then various talk among the chiefs arose  
 Such as from friendship's genial fountain flows ;  
 From mutual intercourse of op'ning souls  
 When youthful breasts are warm'd with flowing bowls.  
 Meantime in solemn silence JASON sat  
 Revolving in his mind the will of fate :  
 Despair's dark clouds involve his musing brows,  
 While OCEAN's wave, in thought, the hero ploughs.  
 IDAS observ'd and thus with ill-tim'd rage,  
 " JASON what various thoughts, thy mind engage ?  
 " Unless thy tongue by tardy fear be froze,  
 " The secret purpose of thy heart disclose.

" Dege-

' Degen'rate chief! and sinks thy soul with fear?  
 " Now swear I by this oft-victorious spear,  
 " Idas will ne'er to death or danger yield,  
 " Though Jove himself should meet me in th' em-  
     battled field.

" Lo Jason such th' ally, whom glory calls  
 " To fight thy battles from Arena's walls."

He spoke ; and lifting drain'd the copious bowl  
 That fill'd with high-flown insolence his soul.

Through the whole train, tumultuous clamors ran,  
 Till Idmon thus his bold rebuke began :

" Rash man, does wine such boastful thoughts inspire  
 " And urge thee to provoke Heav'ns awful Sire ?  
 " Thus, as tradition says, th' Aleian pair  
 " Did impious war 'gainst matchless Jove declare.  
 " Yet they, though braver far than thee, funk low  
 " Smote by the archer-god's unerring bow."

He spoke ; with scornful laugh, and gestures rude,  
 Proud Idas thus his taunting speech renew'd :  
 " Say, prophet, does thy father-god decree,  
 " As for th' Aleian twins, such death for me ?  
 " Yet know, bold seer, if thy prophetic strain  
 " Falsely-inspir'd should prove thy threat'nings vain,  
 " Nor fraud, nor force oppos'd, shall e'er withstand  
 " The promis'd vengeance of my pow'rful hand."  
 Now sharper conflict and dire deeds of blood  
 Between th' impetuous heroes had ensued,  
 But that the chiefs, with threats and counsel sage,  
 As Jafon order'd, check'd their rising rage.

Meantime, who best the passions could compose  
 With music's soothing accents, Orpheus rose :  
 In his left hand the silver-sounding strings  
 He rears, and thus the sweet musician sings :

In the beginning, how the earth, the deep,  
 The Heav'ns were in one tumultuous blended heap :  
 'Till nature parted the conflicting foes,  
 And beauteous order from confusion rose.  
 How ev'ry shining orb that nightly glows  
 O'er the blue vault, his place and order knows.  
 How silver Cynthia, and the golden sun,  
 Their radiant course by turns rejoice to run.  
 Whence rose the rocks with waving verdure crown'd,  
 From what vast source the rapid rivers found,  
 Whence sprung their nymphs, from what mysteri-  
 ous feed,  
 O'er earth's green bosom swarms the reptile breed.  
 And next the tuneful master shifts the strain  
 To old Ophion's dark primœval reign ;  
 Who with his bride the daughter of the deep,  
 First claim'd the throne on hoar Olympus' steep :

'Till from their head a pow'r superior rent  
 The sacred badge of pow'r omnipotent ;  
 On Saturn's head Ophion's honours plac'd,  
 And with his consort's glories Rhea grac'd :  
 Themselves were plung'd in Ocean's dark domain,  
 While Saturn rul'd the Titan's godlike train ;  
 While Jove was young, and lull'd in infant rest,  
 The dark Di $\delta$ tæas sacred rock possest'd :  
 Ere his dread bolt the earth-born Cyclops fram'd,  
 Ere from the darken'd heav'ns the livid lightning flam'd.  
 This said th' immortal bard his lyre unstrung,  
 And stopp'd th' ambrosial music of his tongue :  
 Yet still the heroes with attentive ear  
 Thought him still singing, still stood fix'd to hear,  
 In silent rapture, tho' the bard had ceas'd,  
 Still on the dying murmurs seem'd to feast.

Now Cynthia's star-encircled orb arose,  
 The drooping heroes sink in soft repose :  
 But when the bright-eyed morning's purple rays  
 O'er Pelion's redd'ning pines began to blaze,  
 And ebbing waves by cooling breezes fann'd  
 In gentle heavings broke upon the strand ;  
 Then warn'd by Tiphys' voice they leave the shores,  
 Climb the tall ship and grasp their order'd oars.

Now with portentous roaring all around  
 The winding Pagæan bays resound.  
 Impatient Argo the glad signal took,  
 While from her vocal keel loud murmurs broke,  
 Her keel by Pallas fram'd from Dodonæan oak. }  
 Now ranging each their arms in martial state,  
 In order'd rows the daring heroes sat.  
 Yet still Ancæus of Neptunian race  
 By gen'ral suffrage held the middle place.

With

With him Alcides' giant-strength was join'd,  
 Inactive by his side his club reclin'd.  
 While as he takes his seat, beneath the load  
 The keel subsides oppres'd, and feels the demi-god.  
 Their haulfers now they loose, and o'er the brine  
 Pour the rich off'ring of nectareous wine.  
 While Jafon, as the bay swift Argo leaves,  
 Looks back on Grecia's shores, and silent grieves.  
 As to the warbles of the sacred lyre  
 The blooming youths, Apollo's festive choir,  
 Or in the Delphian, or the Delian fane,  
 Or where Ifmenus feeds the fertile plain,  
 The sacred altars blazing flame around  
 In spritely dance and order'd measure bound ;  
 So Argo's heroes, as the seas they swept,  
 To Orpheus' harp according measure kept.

## S O L I T U D E

AT AN INN.

OFF upon the twilight plain  
 Circled with thy shadowy train,  
 While the dove at distance coo'd,  
 Have I met thee, Solitude !  
 Then was loneliness to me  
 Best, and true society.  
 But, ah ! how alter'd is thy mein  
 In this drear, deserted scene !  
 Here thou com'st in fullen mood,  
 Not with thy fantaftic brood  
 Of beck'ning shapes, and visions airy  
 Summon'd from the land of Fairy.

Here

Here all thy wonted pleasures cease,  
Musing, mild, and penfive peace :  
No poetic being here  
Strikes with whisper'd found mine ear.  
No converse here, to fancy cold,  
With many a fleeting form I hold.  
Here all inelegant and rude  
Is thy form, sweet Solitude !

## EPI T A P H.

HERE rests, within this narrow cell, a wife  
 Whose gentle manners sooth'd the cares of life :  
 Example rare of patience undismay'd  
 By the near prospect of death's awful shade :  
 In youth she fell : yet did she not complain  
 Or Heav'ns immutable decrees arraign :  
 But tremblingly rejoicing fix'd her eye  
 With stedfast hopes on immortality.

O may such hopes, so firm, such pious joy,  
 Such glorious views our latest hours employ !

TO

## TO A PAINTER.

IN vain, rash man, thy feeble colours trace  
 Each blooming beauty of Eliza's face :  
 The coral lip, and sweetly-smiling cheek  
 Where laughter loves to live in dimple sleek :  
 Those eyes, whence love renews his hallow'd fire  
 With brighter flames than kindle warm desire.

With equal hope my emulative song  
 Might praise the sweetness of her tuneful tongue,  
 Or sing her polish'd sense, and taste refin'd,  
 And milder graces of her gentle mind.  
 In this, howe'er, agree our faint essays,  
 So far her bloom exceeds thy pencil's praise  
 As her unrivall'd song my humbler lays.

FROM

## FROM THE GREEK

O F

## SIMONIDES.

WHEN now the chest, by art Dœdalian join'd,  
 Was toss'd by swelling waves and adverse wind,  
 With tearful eyes the wretched Danae cast  
 Her hands maternal round her infant's waist,  
 And thus, " What grief, my child, corrodes my breast  
 " Whilst thou, like fated babes, enjoy'st thy wonted rest !  
 " Dark is thy joyless dwelling, dark as night,  
 " Save when the pale moon lends a doubtful light.  
 " Thou in thy purple mantle sleep'st reclin'd,  
 " Nor heedest ought the waves of fiercer wind,

" That

“ That idly rage around thy darksome bed,  
“ Nor wet the flowing hairs that deck thy infant head.  
“ Sweet babe, thou wouldst, were these my sorrows thine,  
“ Thy tender ear to my distress incline.  
“ Sleep on, (thy mother bids) winds cease to blow !  
“ Sleep boist’rous waves, and sleep my unexampled woe.

## FROM THE GREEK

OF

## APOLLONIUS RHODIUS.

NOW night o'er earth her dark'ning vapours shed,  
 And the black deep a gradual shade o'erspread ;  
 With upward eyes the mariners survey  
 Thy star Orion, and thine Helice ;  
 Wrapp'd in deep sleep the wearied pilgrim lies,  
 And slumbers seal the o'erwatch'd porter's eyes ;  
 Ev'n she at length forgets her griefs in rest  
 Whose babe deceas'd no longer craves her breast ;  
 No dogs are heard throughout the city's bound,  
 No busy murmur, no tumultuous sound :  
 Silence and Darknes holds their equal reign  
 O'er crowded city, and o'er desart plain :

F

But

But sad Medea's eyes no rest can close,  
 For watchful cares have chas'd away repose.  
 Still Jason's form is present to her mind,  
 And dreadful lowings seem to fill each hollow wind  
 Of bulls, by whom the hapless youth must yield  
 To death untimely in the martial field :  
 A thousand cares her panting bosom move,  
 She trembles now with fear, and now with love :  
 As when of solar beams the splendors bright  
 Strike on the walls, with quick-reflected light,  
 From the full vase, where late-infused streams  
 From sparkling wave shoot forth translucent beams ;  
 Above, below, the glitt'ring splendors dance  
 In circles swift, and many-twinkling glance ;  
 Thus various cares the virgin's bosom tear,  
 And anxious grief distracts, and doubtful fear :  
 Now kind compassion gives her tears to flow,  
 And her pale form consumes with inward woe.

Sharp, throbbing pains convulse her beauteous head,  
 When now love's fiercer pow'r through her whole  
 frame has spread.

Now impotent of mind she vows to give  
 Her opiate drugs, the monsters to deceive ;  
 Her purpose now with sudden change foregoes,  
 And meditates in death to end her woes :  
 Anon nor death she seeks, nor will she quell  
 Th' unconquerable bulls with magic spell,  
 But vainly hopes, forgetting, and forgot,  
 To bear in silent wretchedness her lot.

A

## SACRED ANACREONTIC

O D E.

LIFT, my soul, thy thoughts above  
 Wine and mirth and guilty love ;  
 To sublimer themes aspire,  
 Change the tender Teian lyre ;  
 With a louder, alter'd string  
 Praise creation's bounteous King,  
 In the dulcet Dorian mood  
 Boldly strive to hymn thy God.  
 Who his matchless acts can count ?  
 Mercy's inexhaustless fount !

View below, about, above  
 Steps of wisdom, pow'r, and love.

While my votive lyre I sweep,  
 Nature, solemn silence keep !  
 Furious winds, your roarings cease,  
 Floods, and dashing torrents, peace !  
 Herds, from echoing hill, to hill,  
 Warblers of the woods, be still !  
 On this praise-devoted day  
 Let the lion spare his prey !  
 Let no poison-bloated snake  
 Scare the pilgrim from the brake ;  
 Let not impious war affail  
 The peaceful shepherd's silent vale.

How with weights of wonder press'd  
 Shall I ease my throbbing breast ?

In the vast, harmonious plan,  
Insect, fish, and beast, and man,  
All adorn the gradual scale  
From the seraph to the snail.

THE

## VISION OF MOSES.

ON holy Sinai's solitary hill  
 Pensive the prophet sat, and much he mus'd  
 Of good and ill ; why pain, why sin, deforms  
 God's beauteous works : " What was th' Almighty's arm  
 " Exhausted by creating all those worlds  
 " That round us roll ? was there no blessing left  
 " For this poor earth, this dungeon of distress,  
 " This vale of tears, this lazar-house of woe ?  
 " Did we request thee, Maker, from the dust  
 " To force us into life ? where virtue sinks  
 " Oppress'd like the meek lamb, and vice uprears  
 " Its haughty branch, and spreads like flow'ring palm

F 4

" On

“ On Pison’s banks.—O pardon, gracious Heav’n,  
 “ My erring tongue ; yet why should boundless pow’r  
 “ So oft unjustly punish, and reward  
 “ Astonish’d man ?”—At this the mountain shook,  
 And groan’d thro’ all her caves ; a solemn voice  
 Like thunder heard remote, or rolling seas,  
 Swept by his trembling ear ; “ Rash child of man,  
 “ Dost thou presume th’ unfathomable depths  
 “ Of my wise counsels to explore ? arise  
 “ Ascend this mountain’s loftiest cliff, and thence  
 “ Th’ unbounded prospects view.” With fault’ring steps  
 Fearing offence, the humbled seer obey’d.

He look’d, and saw wide territory spread  
 Before his wond’ring eyes ; two bubbling brooks  
 Burst from beneath, and hurl’d their chrystal rills  
 Down to a grassy vale, that greedy suck’d  
 Th’ enliv’ning moisture ; there a fountain form’d

Befring’d

Befring'd with moss, on whose green banks appear'd  
 A loaded vine, whose clusters ripe o'erhung  
 The shaded waters, thither came anon,  
 Distain'd with dust and gore, from fields of fight,  
 A weary warrior ; from his panting steed,  
 That champ'd a golden bit, alighting quick  
 On his red spear he leant, and from his helm  
 The cooling chrystal quaff'd ; to *Niger's* banks  
 Gorg'd with some pilgrim's blood, who rov'd forlorn  
 O'er *Afric's* fands, the lion thus repairs  
 To bathe his blood-stain'd jaws ; the chief refresh'd  
 His steed re-mounts, and skims along the plain ;  
 But of his loss unconscious, drops his gold,  
 Pearl, and Barbaric gems, the precious spoils  
 Of a sack'd city. Piping o'er the plain  
 Next came a sportful boy, who eager snatch'd  
 The chief's lost treasure, and with triumph ran  
 To meet his brothers, and with boastful joy

The

The glitt'ring prize display'd.—Next soon appear'd  
 A wither'd, weak old man, trembling with age,  
 And bending to the grave, with staff in hand  
 To guide his tott'ring steps, and sat him down  
 To rest, attracted by the verdant scene.  
 The cluft'ring grapes he cropp'd, and held to Heav'n  
 In humble praise, " Thou deck'st the florid earth,  
 " Parent of pleasure, maker kind, with herbs  
 " Nectareous, and ambrosial fruits, accept  
 " This rural sacrifice, ere yet I taste  
 " The juice divine!"—Then, after due repast,  
 His languid limbs by stealing sleep oppres'd  
 Sunk on the flow'ry couch: ere long he rests,  
 All burning with his loss, the chief returns  
 With hasty strides, and by the silver hairs  
 The trembling senior seizes, and demands  
 His casket stolen; with oaths, and tears, and vows  
 Of pleaded innocence the theft denied;

To

To righteous Heav'n he calls, " With thunder cleave  
 " Thou mighty pow'r, who know'st our inmost souls,  
 " My lying tongue, if ought of treasure lost  
 " These eyes beheld."—' Hence, hypocrite, to hell !'  
 With disappointed rage the chief return'd,  
 ' Old perjur'd villain, hence !' and plung'd his steel  
 With eager stabs thrice in his mangled breast :  
 Prostrate the prophet fell, in mute amaze  
 Awe-struck, yet wish'd t' expostulate, when thus  
 The voice divine preventing, him address'd :  
 " Be still, proud man, can thy all-piercing eye  
 " Thro' boundless systems darting view at once  
 " Connected worlds ? in a dim corner plac'd  
 " Of the vast theatre, from the scatter'd scenes  
 " The wond'rous plot unknown, dar'st thou revile  
 " The dramatist divine ? from broken sounds  
 " Creation's universal harmony  
 " Presume to judge ? whose inexpressive notes

" In

" In their full chorus reach not mortal ear ?  
 " Could some pale glow-worm's ray who haply crawls  
 • Through the magnific pyramid, illume  
 " Those vasty vaults of darknes deep, and guide  
 " The gazing stranger through the sounding domes  
 " To *Cheop*'s chamber ? reason's boasted lamp  
 " Is thus too weak to trace the mighty maze  
 " Of God's designs.—Ye little sons of earth  
 " In due proportion what can ye perceive  
 " Thro' the dim glafs of grofs mortality ?  
 " Cease then to doubt, O son of man ! nor blame  
 " The God of justice, Heav'ns all-seeing judge,  
 " Whose ways all mortal search elude ; but know,  
 " Short-fighted as thou art, that base old man,  
 " Rolling in gore and shrieking now for aid,  
 " That infant's Sire, a midnight murd'rer ! flew."

## IN HORTO SCRIPT.

*Auctore Thomā Warton.*

VOS O quæ sociis plicata ramis  
 Ulmi brachia panditis gemellæ,  
 Horti deliciæ, decusque parvi !  
 Dum vicina apium cohors per herbas  
 Fragrantes medio strepit sub æstu,  
 Fraternis tueamini magistrum  
 Vos sub frondibus, attici leporis  
 Auctores Latüve lefftantem ;  
 Luſtrantemve oculo licentiori  
 Colles oppositos, aprica rura,  
 Laté undantibus obſitos aristis,  
 Tectosve aeriis ſuperne fagis.

*The foregoing imitated.*

## I.

YE sister-elms, whose branches green  
 In intermingling wreaths unite,  
 Of this my garden's humble scene  
 At once the pride and the delight !

## II.

As o'er yon fragrant plats the bees  
 At fultry noon resounding stray,  
 In your dim arch reclin'd at ease  
 Oh, shield me from the scorching ray.

## III.

As all serene I turn the page,  
 The chosen page of classic lore,  
 Of bards, whom warm'd with genuine rage,  
 Or elder Rome or Athens bore.

## IV. Or

## IV.

Or as my roving eyes survey  
Yon sunny steep, my landscape's bound ;  
Its sides with waving harvests gay,  
Its top with airy beeches crown'd.

## POLYDORE AND CLEONICE,

## A TALE,

*In Imitation of DRYDEN.*

Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem  
 Quod te imitari aveo : quid enim contendat hirundo  
 Cycnis ? aut quidnam tremulis facere artibus hædi  
 Consimile in cursu possint, ac fortis equi vis.

---

**H**IS winding streams where strong Eurotas pours,  
 The fair Misithra lifts her stately tow'rs ;  
 Misithra fam'd of old for virtue's cause,  
 For freeborn spirits and impartial laws ;  
 Tho' now she weep in chains tyrannic bound,  
 Her rage repress'd her glories in the ground.

Hither

Hither in arms from fair Italia came  
 Great Sigismund intent on deeds of fame :  
 Of gen'rous troops he led a chosen train,  
 From Turky's sway the captive seat to gain.

Amid the croud distinguish'd from the rest  
 Two noble youths in birth and beauty blest,  
 But for their mutual friendship more renown'd,  
 Shone in the lifts, and fought this hostile ground ;  
 Venice they left to warlike acts enflam'd,  
 This Polydore, and that Callistus nam'd :  
 Early their souls heroic deeds were taught,  
 Early their breasts the fire of friendship caught ;  
 Beneath one banner fought the faithful pair,  
 And side by side, administer'd the war :  
 Thus match'd in arms, in high descent the same,  
 Associates to the fields of Greece they came.

While thus Misithra lay begirt with arms,  
 And felt the force of Sigismund's alarms :  
 There dwelt within of race illustrious born,  
 An eastern maid, and beauteous as the morn :  
 Long many a Turkish Lord had vainly strove  
 To gain the royal Cleonice's love ;  
 Her charms had drawn from India's utmost land,  
 Princes and Potentates of high command ;  
 Oft their ambassadors in full resort  
 Num'rous appear'd, and throng'd her father's court ;  
 With richest gifts th' unwilling maid to greet,  
 And pour'd Arabia's treasures at her feet.  
 But unallur'd by gifts, and grandeur's pride,  
 The gen'rous fair their dazzling suit denied.  
 Not wealth or pow'r could win the virgin's breast,  
 'Twas love alone could make her nuptials bless'd.  
 The mercenary souls whom gain invites,  
 In cold embraces meet, and uninspir'd delights.

North of Misithra's war-girt walls there stood,  
 Form'd of thick shade a venerable wood.  
 Where oft of old Sylvanus' rustic shrine,  
 Laconia's sons ador'd with rites divine.  
 Remote and secret was the close retreat,  
 And solitude had darken'd all the seat.  
 Nor had Italia's deep-embattled pow'rs  
 Extended their array beneath the sacred bow'rs,

It chanc'd at noontide hour, one fatal day,  
 In breezes cool to calm the summer's ray,  
 The beauteous virgin to this secret shade,  
 Attended by her train of damsels stray'd :  
 There as regardless of impending fate  
 Beneath a branching pine the virgin sat;  
 Sudden of coming footsteps sounds remote,  
 Her list'ning ear with distant echo smote :

When strait a troop whom Polydore had sent  
 Detach'd on some design of deep intent,  
 On neighing steeds advanc'd in thick array,  
 And fought the gloom where Cleonice lay :  
 Alarm'd the virgin at the fearful fight,  
 Wing'd thro' the grove precipitate her flight.  
 But soon the rushing steeds outstripp'd her course,  
 That swift pursued her, with the lightning's force,  
 Soon caught an easy prey the panting maid,  
 That for her damfels cried, and shriek'd for aid.  
 Swift on their steeds the captive maid they bore,  
 And with their prize return'd to Polydore.  
 Soon to his tent with decent care convey'd  
 Regardful of her state the captive maid.

Beneath his tent brave Polydore they found,  
 Not with embattled troops begirt around,

But

But with the constant partner of his care,  
 He sat retreated from the pomp of war.  
 His youthful prime his helm unbuckled shew'd,  
 While from beneath his auburn tresses flow'd.  
 With graceful negligence a purple veil,  
 Fleeted redundant o'er his lucid mail.  
 A sword emblaz'd with gems and Jasper's pride,  
 Shone with conspicuous lustre at his side.  
 Thus sat in converse sweet the faithful pair,  
 When enter'd at his tent the captive fair.  
 Graceful her look with grief and beauty mix'd,  
 And on the ground her streaming eyes were fix'd.  
 Such lovely tears, and beauty thus distress'd,  
 To mild compassion mov'd his gen'rous breast.  
 And as he look'd, he felt the sudden dart  
 Of love infix'd in his unguarded heart.  
 When thus, impatient of the kindling flame,  
 Th' heroic youth bespoke the weeping dame :

" Fair maid, whoe'er thou art, whose heav'nly charms  
 " Have thus inflam'd my breast with love's alarms,  
 " Whom the sun's beam has ting'd with riper dye,  
 " Than boast the dames of northern Italy  
 " Restraine, fair maid, your grief and streaming tears,  
 " Let dawning hope dispel those fancied fears :  
 " Once more Misithra's lofty town to greet,  
 " Safe I resign thee to thy native seat."

The gen'rous speech her grateful bosom fir'd,  
 Her eyes his arms and graceful youth admir'd.  
 His youth and graceful mein and rich attire  
 To touch her breast with mutual love conspire.  
 With secret fire the glowing virgin burn'd,  
 And this address with new-born hope return'd :  
 " O matchless warrior, whose unconquer'd might  
 " So oft has turn'd our bravest troops to flight,

" Nor

" Nor less in arms and warlike deeds you shine,  
 " Than in a bounteous soul and virtues more divine.  
 " How can I e'er repay th' heroic deed  
 " A captive from the bands of slav'ry freed?  
 " Yet since you thus ordain to set me free,  
 " One small request I make with suppliant knee,  
 " That these brave troops which me their captive bore,  
 " May safe conduct me to my native shore;  
 " Laden with precious gifts they shall return,  
 " That high emblaz'd my father's courts adorn;  
 " Treasures that grac'd our ancestors of old  
 " Bracelets and starry gems and massy gold,  
 " Spoils won from conquer'd provinces renown'd:  
 " With these rewards thy bounty shall be crown'd."

Thus as she spoke, her ardent eyes confess'd  
 The mutual flame that kindled in her breast.

When Polydore, who saw his love repaid,

In tend'rest accents thus bespoke the maid :

“ Unbrib’d by gifts this squadron I command

“ Safe to conduct thee to thy native land.

“ Yet Oh what diff’rent passions rend my breast !

“ Love grants, yet inly grieves at thy request.

“ And must we then thus part unequall’d fair ?

“ Must glowing love thus yield to cold despair ?

“ Can mutual passion point out no retreat

“ Sacred to love alone and converse sweet ?

“ Deep-waving woods enclose Misithra’s tow’rs,

“ Nor has the storm of war profan’d their sacred bow’rs.”

He spoke, with modest glance the nymph approv’d

His speech, and silent shew’d how much she lov’d :

Her through the camp at Polydore’s command

To fair Misithra leads a chosen band.

Meantime while Polydore his love exprest'd  
 An equal ardor seiz'd Callistus' breast.  
 With earnest eyes her charms the youth survey'd,  
 Though friendship's warning voice he still obey'd ;  
 And impotent of passion vainly tried  
 The struggling pangs of conscious love to hide.

Thus long the luckless youth in secret pin'd,  
 While love and friendship diverse tore his mind ;  
 Meantime observant of the stated hour  
 The happier lovers met within the secret bow'r.  
 At length the hapless youth, who knew the place  
 Sacred to love and Polydore's embrace,  
 Deeply revolving in his throbbing heart  
 How best to heal his sorrow's madding smart,  
 Sought at the wonted hour the fatal shade,  
 Resolv'd (O dire design !) to slay the maid :

And

And tho' his foul abhorr'd the cruel deed  
 That the dear idol of his heart should bleed,  
 Yet this he thought the surest way to end  
 His grief, and keep uninjur'd yet his friend.  
 Beneath a bushy shade conceal'd he stood ;  
 That when the maid appear'd within the wood,  
 With his bar'd steel he might her breast invade,  
 Ere Polydore could bring his timely aid.

How madding passion and his black design  
 With direful thoughts to shake his soul combine !  
 He started oft at each low-whisp'ring wind,  
 And thought he vengeance heard and Polydore behind ;  
 And at each rustling heard amid the gloom  
 Thinks 'tis th' expected Cleonice come.  
 In vain.—And now the murder he design'd  
 Rises in all its horror to his mind.

Each

Each moment adds a sting his conscious breast  
To wound, and long delay reflexion dire encreas'd :  
His soul could bear no more—when from his thigh  
The deadly steel he draws resolv'd to die.  
Within his breast he plung'd the shining blade ;  
When strait his hand uncertain and afraid  
Stopp'd in mid-way by sudden doubt withheld,  
Reason forbad ; and quick its desp'rate force repell'd.  
Forth from his breast his half-bath'd steel again  
He drew, when fainting with the lively pain,  
And in the tortures of his recent wound,  
Of footsteps thro' the grove he heard the sound :  
When starting at the noise, down dropp'd the blade  
From his slack hand, and to the neighb'ring glade  
With stagg'ring steps and faint alarm'd he fled,  
From mortal view to shroud his guilty head.

'Twas

'Twas Cleonice's step that struck his ear,  
 Who duteous fought her wonted lover there.  
 The maid approach'd where in the path was laid  
 Drop'd from Callistus' hand the shining blade.  
 She started sudden as the steel she view'd  
 In reeking drops of recent gore imbru'd.  
 But Oh what horrors in her bosom rose,  
 Her stiffen'd form what icy terror froze,  
 How stood the virgin fix'd in dumb surprise  
 When on the studded hilt she cast her eyes !  
 The well-known-studded hilt whose starry pride  
 She mark'd on Polydore bright-glitt'ring at his side,  
 That fatal day when to the tent she came,  
 And kindled in his breast the mutual flame.  
 She thought *his* blood had ting'd the blade with red,  
 And the besprinkled steel bespoke its wearer dead.  
 But ah what dire mistake her mind possess'd  
 What false surmise involv'd her tortur'd breast !

It chanc'd the sword that late her eyes admir'd  
 When Polydore with love her bosom fir'd,  
 Haply by Polydore that fatal morn.  
 Was for his own in friendship's freedom worn.  
 She fees in thought her bleeding lover lie,  
 And marks each gushing wound with fancy's eye.  
 'Twas rage too mad for vulgar signs to show,  
 And solemn silence best express'd her woe.  
 She snatch'd the sword that with the crimson glow'd  
 (So thought the virgin) of her lover's blood,  
 And cried, when words the lab'ring passion found,  
 " Let the same point on both inflict the wound ;  
 " 'Tis just, so faithful, and so fond a pair,  
 " From the same steel the stroke of death should share ;  
 " Tho' thou, dear Polydore, art gone before  
 " I close pursue thee to the destin'd shore !"  
 She spoke, and all on wildest fury bent  
 Her mantle from her heaving bosom rent.

To the bar'd chest the deadly steel applied,  
 And in fresh streams of reeking purple dy'd.  
 Sudden each charm her with'ring cheek forsook,  
 And death's pale hue distain'd her dying look.  
 She fell and sinking, o'er her mangled breast  
 With decent care compos'd her blood-stain'd vest.

Scarce was she fall'n, advancing thro' the grove  
 When Polydore approach'd to seek his wonted love.  
 But ah what dire surprise what fears destroy  
 Th' imaginary scenes of fancied joy.  
 What horrors dash'd his dreams of wish'd delight,  
 When first the bleeding virgin met his sight !  
 In eager anguish o'er the prostrate dead  
 The grief-distracted lover bow'd his head.  
 On her cold lip a trembling kiss impress'd,  
 And with his hand explor'd her bleeding breast ;

But

But the pale lip in icy death was froze,

And deadly cold her bleeding bosom rose.

Then thus before the breathless maid reclin'd

He pour'd the sorrows of his madding mind :

“ What cruel hand has thus thy bosom gor'd

“ What force against thy charms could lift the sword?

“ Where shall I find th' inflicter of the wound?

“ Lo all is desert solitude around.

“ Ye forests conscious of the savage deed

“ Ye trees that saw my Cleonice bleed,

“ Utter your voice, to my rack'd thought relate

“ This hidden maze, this mystery of fate :

“ O why prevented not my speed the hour

“ That gave thee to the murd'rers ruthleſs pow'r?

“ His unrelenting hand I might have stay'd

“ Or shar'd thy fate in death beside thee laid.

“ But since to stop his vengeance was denied

“ Or fall a willing victim by thy fide;

“ It

“ It is not now forbade me to receive  
 “ That death the ruthless murd’rer could not give.”

He spoke ; and disengag’d with eager hand  
 The fword that yet in her faint grasp remain’d ;  
 But ah no sooner shone its hilt to view  
 Than trembling his Callistus’ fword he knew.  
 Then what mix’d passions with united rage  
 And rebel tumult in his mind engage !  
 While thee, too faithful friend, in thought deceiv’d  
 The murderer of the virgin he believ’d : }  
 At once the injur’d friend and widow’d lover griev’d.  
 Friendship prov’d false, disdain of life encreas’d,  
 And now with rage redoubled glow’d his breast.  
 As Polydore with wild despair enflam’d  
 The weapon at his naked bosom aim’d,  
 Ere yet he dealt the death-inflicting stroke,  
 That instant from the brake Callistus broke :

By friendship call'd he left the shrouding shade  
 Where latent long the fainting youth had laid.  
 With duteous haste advanc'd he to prevent  
 His lifted arm, and stop the dire intent.  
 But Polydore ere yet he struck the blow,  
 When his thick-flashing eyes beheld the fancied foe,  
 With newborn rage and kindling fury burn'd,  
 And weak despair to fellest vengeance turn'd.  
 With lifted arm he met the wretched youth,  
 Nor stay'd to prove his faith or virtuous truth.  
 Deep in his breast he plung'd the well-aim'd blade  
 With eager rage, and as he struck he said,  
 " Hence to the darksome house of night descend,  
 " And feel the due rewards that faithless deeds attend.  
 " Be Zacon's bitter tree thy baleful food  
 " Far from the chaste recesses of the good.  
 " Hence to the shades, there seek some desert cell,  
 " Where only fiends, and shapes of horror dwell."

He spoke : the good Callistus sunk in death  
 And pour'd in streams of blood his rushing breath.

Now wretched Polydore alone was left  
 Alike of mistress, and of friend bereft.  
 Pale, motionless, in deep amaze he stood  
 And view'd in dumb despair, the scene of blood.  
 'Till from his grief, these words a passage broke,  
 And thus in bitt'rest agony he spoke :  
 " What foul design thy force, Callistus, mov'd  
 " To lift the steel against my best belov'd ?  
 " Could neither beauty, love, or faith disarm  
 " On bloody deeds intent thy murd'rous arm ?  
 " Hadst thou not fullied friendship's sacred name  
 " With this dire act, and stain'd thy better fame ;  
 " Happy companions from a life well-spent  
 " To those immortal regions we had went,

" Met

" Met after death, and in th' ambrosial groves  
 " An undivided pair renew'd our loves.  
 " Now forms terrific from that blessed coast  
 " Drive far away thy blood-polluted ghost,  
 " That restless wand'ring o'er the sacred ground  
 " Would taint the purer air and breathe pollution round.  
 " Yet there my Cleonice shall I find :  
 " With duteous haste I follow fast behind ;  
 " There blifs our yet imperfect loves shall crown  
 " And all our woes immortal pleasures drown.  
 " But whither roves my grief-distemper'd mind  
 " For present pangs a future ease to find ?  
 " Are these the triumphs, this th' expected fame  
 " For which in arms to Syria's seats I came ?  
 " Are these the deeds of blood, are these th' alarms  
 " That Sigismund expected from my arms ?

" Who now perhaps stands loit'ring at my stay  
 " His ardent legions form'd in thick array  
 " And with impatience chides my long delay.  
 " To other scenes than those of glorious fight  
 " This fatal sword will aid my destin'd flight."

He spoke, and urging with impetuous force  
 The well-aim'd blade, sunk low beside the virgin's corse.  
 Oh luckless pair accept this pitying lay  
 Which to your shades with duteous grief I pay.  
 O early lost! to whose untimely tombs  
 Each due returning night fair friendship comes,  
 In grief reclining o'er your mournful urns,  
 Her vot'ries struck by fate so dire she mourns.  
 Nor thou disdain these rites fair Syrian maid,  
 Which here I offer to thy penfive shade.  
 Permit my muse to pay this grateful verse,  
 And hung with humble wreaths adorn thy hearse.

## ALFREDUS.

I  
 SIS ubi lambit fœcundo flumine lucos  
 Pieridum fortunatos, dilecta que Phœbo  
 Atria, et extructas sinuoso in margine turres ;  
 Hic deserta olim, nulloque nitentia cultu,  
 Prata, udosque agros, limosa obduxit arundo :  
 Vixque inter steriles juncos, ulvamque palustrem,  
 Lentis obscuræ serpebant flexibus undæ.

Huc fortè *Alfredus* gressum tulit, arvaque circùm  
 Miratus, glebam irriguam et viridantia Tempe,  
 Tempe quæ sylvæ cingunt superimpudentes,  
 Hic, inquit, profugæ secreto in littore musæ  
 Optatam inveniant sedem, gratoque fruantur

Hospitio, et tacitâ securæ in valle quiescant ;  
 Nec locus ullus erit quo se plus jaetet Apollo.  
 Pascua continuò micuere per avia turres :  
 Ipsa Isis vitreis nitidum caput extulit undis,  
 Suspiciensque novas arces, insuetaque templæ,  
 Venturos lætâ præsumit mente triumphos,  
 Culminaque artificem *Wrenni* referentia dextram.

Nec tamen infausto posuisti has omine sedes,  
 Sancte Pater, nec spes animum frustrata fefellit ;  
 Cernis, ut attollunt vivaces vertice lauros  
 Egregii Vates, et Phœbo digna locuti,  
 Quique omnes Sophiæ norunt decerpere flores.  
 Ipse agmen, cunctis sublimior, ordine longo  
 Chaucerus dicit ; prisco dum pectine cantat  
 Criftatas turmas, equitesque hastilibus aptos,  
 Sive levis pangit fabellas ritè facetas,  
 Angliacumque aperit felici carmine Pindum.

Quis procul ille\* autem, solus qui in valle reductâ,  
 Lentior incedit, defigens lumina terræ?  
 Hic animæ latebras princeps patefecit opertas,  
 Unde illa innumeros motus, ratione magistrâ,  
 Induat, unde ortu dubio primùm insita menti  
 Cognitio explicuit vires, tenebrisque refusis  
 Clara per obscurum prætendit lumina callem.  
 Hunc olim Rhedycina canet, quotiesque recenset  
 Grata suos, celebresque memor per sæcula cives,  
 Insignem ante alias felix memorabit alumnum.  
 Nec te, Castalidum proles † leñissima, plectro  
 Musa ingrata filet, cui fontes ipsa reclusit  
 Integros Pallas, facilisque indulxit Apollo,  
 Musæoque dedit contingere dicta lépore.

At neque dilectis solùm penetralia musis  
 Condidit *Alfredus*, soli sua limina Phœbo ;

\* Locke.

† Addison.

Jura etiam sapiens et servantissimus æqui  
 Edocuit, quâque est stabilis Res Publica normâ :  
 Quin Artes, fautore illo, subiere repente  
 Ignotæ ; tum Nauta vagus dare vela patenti  
 Ausus erat pelago, atque alienas quærere terras ;  
 Contemnensque æquor tumidum viðtricia classis  
 Arma tulit latè, *Danis* dominata fugatis,  
 Et patrium advexit peregrina in regna Draconem.  
 Quinetiam Artifices externâ e gente profecti  
 Illius accitu coeunt ; pars mænibus urbes  
 Cingere, solertique manu superaddere formas  
 Spirantes, vivosque excudunt marmore vultus ;  
 Dum calamō intereà varioque colore figurâ  
 Mentitur veras, et ludit arundine Pictor.  
 Nec minùs in bello Virtus insigniit hosti  
 Parcentem viðto, debellantemque ferocem :  
 Nam neque ventoso tulit hunc in prælia curru  
 Ambitio, neque Regnandi tam dira cupido

Impulit infando vicina laceffere regna  
 Marte ; sed infidi cum fædus rumpere *Dani*  
 Auderent, nutu novit componere bellum,  
 Et conjuratis potuit dare jura Tyrannis.

O quis me ducet quâ *Farringdonia* clivo  
 Assurgit viridi, sublimi a vertice montis  
 Lætus ubi intentos pascens per singula visus  
 Explorare humiles campos, subiectaque possim  
 Mœnia, et eductas non nullo numine turres ;  
 Hîc ulmos inter patulas caput erigit alma  
*Alfredi* nutrix *Wantagia*, sæpe sub umbrâ  
 Hâc puer, agresti meditatus arundine Musam ;  
 Sæpe hanc ad lympham, subductæ in margine ripæ,  
 Parvulus incerto se lusu exercuit Heros.  
 Colle ex adverso carenti e rupe minacem  
 Surgere equum,\* rudibusque notis expressa videbis

• White-horse hill.

Tendere

Tendere terga solo, longoque albescere tractu.

Hic olim stravit duro certamine *Danos*

*Alfredus*, postquam defessa Britannia longo

Servitio, imperiumque pati plagasque superbi

Victoris nollet, rursusque reposceret arma.

Hinc procul appareat felix Rhedycina, remotis

Indiciis, mediâ riguæ convallis in umbrâ;

Vixque acie possunt oculi servare domorum

Teæta, et cœruleis occultas nubibus ædes;

Has inter veneranda, immanique ardua mole,

*Radclivii* stat pulchra domus, medioque superbit

Ampla situ, qualis *Vaticani* inclyta sedes

Erigitur cœlo, aut Capitoli immobile faxum

Subiectam latè prospexit desuper urbem,

At propè moliri cernas nova culmina,\* eodem

Radclivio fundante, viden', jam Turris aperto

Eicit aspeñtu, propriumque affeñtat Olympum.

\* The Observatory.

Et mox tempus erit, cum certâ lege Planetas  
 Errantes, magni attentos ad jussa Parentis,  
*Newtoni* explorent alii, qui fædera noscant  
 Naturæ, arcanaisque vias, ut menstrua luna  
 Accendit sub nocte facem, radiisque relucet  
 Oppositis, medio dum Sol immotus in axe  
 Igne indefesso fulget, cinctusque ministris  
 Ipse regit seriem, et volventes ordinat annos.

Musarum augustæ Sedes, sacrataque tecta  
 Quæ cœlo æquavit pietas, et opima priorum  
 Munera condecorant, Salvete, ut perculit ardor  
 Cor mihi, dum recolo prisci monumenta Laboris,  
 Et decus antiquum, et tantæ primordia famæ.  
 Tuque O Sancta Domus,\* longâque ætate Verenda,  
 Cujus in hospitium, quâ primum sede receptæ,  
*Alfredo* monstrante, choros duxere Camænæ,

\* University College.

Ante alias, Salve ! celebrat dum musa Patronum  
 Communem, veterique refert hæc Vota Parenti ;  
 Intereà tu firma diu, longosque per annos  
 Stes immota, novo surgentes vertice turres  
 Conspiciens, sociosque Lares circùm undique cultu  
 Magnifico, qualis patrii per limen Olympi  
 Invehitur Regina Deûm, turritaque tollit  
 Tempora, et innumeros complectitur Una Nepotes.

## ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

**Q**UÆ natas peperi novem beata  
 Viginti et pueros, nec has vel illos  
 Abreptos gemui repente letho.  
 Haud natos etenim meos Apollo  
 Telis abstulit, aut Diana luctu  
 Puellas graviore prosequendas.  
 At contrà hæc minuit meis dolores  
 Partûs adveniens, et advocatus  
 Apollo pueros virile ad ævum  
 Morborum variâ cohorte tutos  
 Provexit, viden' ut frequente prole  
 Et linguâ, Niobi antefesto, modestâ.

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX  
ANTHOLOGIA.

**T**ELLUS alma senem hunc sinu fovet  
 Recordata gravis tibi laboris.  
 Stirpem semper enim premens olivæ  
 Ornavit, Bromiique vite multâ;  
 Inducensque satis aquas sequaces  
 Implevit cerere, et colendo fecit  
 Omnis plenam oleris, feramque sylvam  
 Novâ arte Alcinoi vigere pomis.  
 Ob quæ terra levis tegas capillos  
 Canos, et vario lepore florum  
 Distinguas tumuli virentis herbam.

## CALLIMACHI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

TRISTES, O Menalippe, manè inani  
 Corpus condidimus tuum sepulchro :  
 Quin mentis foror impotens eâdem  
 Occisa est Basilo die, suapte  
 Manu, scilicet haud tulit superstes  
 Fratri vivere quem pyrâ cremârat.  
 At verò ob duplicem anxiumpque luctum  
 Aristippe pater tibi univerfa  
 Cyrene doluit, videns vigentem  
 Olim prole domum orbitate mœstam.

## INSCRIPTIO.

**H**INC exit qui mox arentia prata rigabit  
 Atque cavatâ hortos in margine lambet olentes  
 Amnis, abundanti fœcundans pascua fluſtu:  
 Nilo par Ægyptiaco, licet ille sacratos  
 Fontes Æthiopum penitus sub montibus abdat  
 Aut ipso jaget stirpem deducere Olympo.

## UXORI OPT.

**H**OS tibi mittit malè tuta flores  
 Ripa, mi conjux, neque tu colorem  
 Simplicem spernas, quòd hyems negârit  
 Veris odorem.

Sed magis serves hyemale pignus  
 Veris, et finu foveas amato  
 Quæ tibi gratus referat benignæ  
 Dona maritus.

## E L E G I A.

**M**ISTA dolore ægram pertant gaudia mentem,  
 Vixque erumpentes contineo lacrymas ;  
 Ut turres Ventæ opposito de colle viator  
 Despicio, et patriæ culmina nota domûs :  
 Luminibus madidis occurrit plurima imago,  
 Quæ quondam juveni gaudia vera tulit.  
 Atria per deserta aulæ regalis hirundo  
 Pennâ iterat solvi non metuente fugam.  
 Saxa inter disjecta vetustæ in margine fossæ  
 Frigentes auras captat anhelus equus :  
 Hunc circumvolitant indefesso agmine muscæ,  
 Dum glebas putres ungula crebra ferit.  
 Vifa procul per prata udis interlita rivis,  
 Multa recèns tonfo vellere balat ovis ;

Dum

Dum madida exsiccans grex vellera sole tepenti

Lentis ascendit passibus alta jugi ;

Quà latè ostendit vallum Catharina vetustum

Danorum, et sylvâ tectum apicem viridi.

*Beauforti* juxtâ turres renovataque templa,

Adverso illimis sole relucet aqua.

Quà creta albescens ripam distinguit utramque,

Ægrè difficiili cymba movetur equo.

Jamque augusta sonat fani campana vetusti,

Wiccamicâque exit lenior arce sonus.

Nec mora, pullatum portis effunditur agmèn,

Affuetoque frequens murmure fervet ager.

Ludite felices, dum per brevis hora juventæ,

Jucundique oti tempora grata finunt.

Ludite, nec vobis, medio de fonte lepôrum

Gaudia quod lædat surgat amari aliquid.

Ah ! ne, quæ vatem huc usque est comitata misellum,

Curarum vobis ingruat atra cohors.

## ARCHIÆ EX ANTHOLOGIA.

**N**ATUS præcipiti tener Lysippes  
 Accedens scopulo, est periclitatus  
 Tuum, O Astyanax miselle, fatum :  
 At mater revocavit alma, mammam  
 Nudam pectore proferens, simul quæ  
 Et letho puerum fameque solvit.

P A R M E N I O N I S   E X  
A N T H O L O G I A.

TENUIS læna mihi sat est modesto,  
Nec flores Heliconios per hortos  
Depastus, dapibus potentûm opimis  
Hospes serviam, opes mihi perosæ  
Fastûs stultiæque quæ parentes.  
Haud fingam satrapi cüique vultum :  
Libertas humilis dapis mihi fit.

## DIOSCORIDIS EX ANTHOLOGIA.

**M**E vernam tumulo tuum reponis  
 Magis qui dominum deceret ipsum  
 Quod curæ puer es mihi, Timanthes.  
 Sit felix, scelere et soluta, vita.  
 Sin me adveneris ob gravem senectam,  
 Tuus sim Domine orco et in nigranti.

## ANTIPATRI EX ANTHOLOGIA.

**A**GNUM lanigerum unicamque vaccam  
 Solas Tityre opes casæ tenebas :  
 Ifti egere foras famem molestam.  
 Ambos perdere fors tibi immerenti.  
 Agnus dente lupi, dolore partûs  
 Nitens difficili juvenca lapsa est.  
 Sic grex deperiit casæ tenellus.  
 Quin et vir miserande tu reflexo  
 Collo de trabe mortis ausus atræ  
 Nodum necltere, per domum vacantem  
 Jaces, ampliùs haud ovis sonantem  
 Suetâ voce, bovisve mugientis.

INSCRIBED ON A BEAUTIFUL  
GROTTO NEAR THE  
WATER.

BY THE REV. T. WARTON.

THE Graces sought in yonder stream,  
To cool the fervid day,  
When Love's malicious Godhead came,  
And stole their robes away.  
Proud of the theft, the little God  
Their robes bade Stella wear ;  
While they, ashamed to stir abroad  
Remain all naked here.

## IDEM LATINE REDDITUM.

VICINIS nuper Charites dum nuda sub undis  
 Gestibant medio membra levare die,  
 Advolitans, temerè quas ripæ in margine vestes  
 Deposuere Deæ, surripiebat *Amor* :  
 Quas puer exultans furto, lætusque rapinæ,  
 Purpureas Stellæ donat habere meæ.  
 At Charites pavidæ fugere, et vestibus orbæ,  
 Atque hoc delituit singula nuda specu.

## EX ANTHOLOGIA.

**H**IC, precor, in prato viridanti membra, viator

Paulisper, longo fessa labore, leva.

Hic Zephyro quassæ captabis murmura pinûs,

Hic tibi dulce melos multa cicada canet :

Vicinisque jugis te demulcebit avenâ

Pastor, sub platani tegmine, propter aquas.

Hic medios vitato æstus ; cras, I pede fausto,

Hæc memorans, “ fueram Pan, tuus hospes, heri.”

AN ARS SIT PERFECTION  
NATURA? AFFIRMATUR.

COLLE sub exeso Belindæ dædala dextra  
Divinâ patulam condidit arte domum :  
Non hic coralium splendet de fornice rubrum,  
Non pandit varias lucida concha vices ;  
Non pario surgunt exsculpta sedilia saxo,  
Nec fons artifices itque reditque vias :  
At viridem muscum per faxa humentia rore,  
Serpentesque hederas callida Virgo dedit.  
Quâ libet abrupto de pumice desilit unda,  
Rarus et incultam pingit acanthus humum.  
Haud ultrâ veneres jaetet natura, puellæ  
Cum valet artificis dextra referre pares.

AN LOCUS CONVENIAT LOCATO ?

AFFIRMATUR.

**P**RÆRUPTÆ rupis gelido sub vertice, Martis  
 Sublimi assurgit culmine magna domus :  
 Hinc exaudiri ventorum verbera fæva,  
 Qui portæ circum stridula claustra fremunt ;  
 Porta adversa ingens solidoque adamante columnæ  
 Quas ferri cingunt robora, Martis opus.  
 Intùs sanguineo *Rabies* accincta flagello,  
 Dentibus et crepitans pallidus ora *Timor* :  
 Illìc est, vitæ curas lucemque perosum,  
 Morti immaturæ quem sua dextra dedit ;  
 Nant oculi, riœtuque patent fœda ora rigenit,  
 Horrida stat putri sanguine cæsaries.

Illìc

Illuc subridens irato *Infania* vultu,  
Et membra occultans sparsa cruento *Phonos*.  
Tali Threicius gaudet socio agmine Mavors,  
Talis et armorum convenit aula Deo.

AN CASUS ET FORTUNA SINT  
IN REBUS? AFFIRMATUR.

**D**RYDENUS suavi musarum instinctus amore  
Avia Parnassi per juga tendit iter.  
Jamque *Sigismundæ* infelicis funus acerbum,  
Crudelisque refert improba jussa Patris :  
Jam super *Æmiliâ* missas in prælia turmas,  
Ruptaque amicitiæ fœdera prisca canit :  
*Cymonemque* docet molli mansuescere flammâ,  
Quam lentè insinuans *Iphigenia* ciet.  
Dein *Cleopatræ* audet pollenti pectore fortem  
Edere, & in tragicos fortior ire modos.  
Detractâ, mox ingressus penetralia Phœbi  
Virgilii lauro, tempora cingit ovans.

Piero quanquam consperserit omnia melle,  
Tinxerit æterno cuncta lepore licet ;  
Vix Lar Drydeno certus, proprique Penates,  
Et quod fama affert, fors inimica negat.

INCERTI AUCTORIS EX  
ANTHOLOGIA.

**N**OSTRIS sit lapis hic, Sabine, parvus  
 Amoris monumentum, amicè, largi :  
 Te quæram affiduè ; domoque Ditis  
 Mei ritè memor, modò hoc datum fit,  
 Ne Lethæi aliquid bibas liquoris.

—DULCIQUE ANIMOS NOVI-  
TATE TENEBAT.

CUM primum indoçili pulsaret pollice chordas,  
 Informisque lyræ barbara fila Jubal;  
 Turba coit fratum, infuetæ miracula vocis,  
 Atque novos circum stat venerata sonos,  
 Credula, quod tales poterat fudisse loquelas,  
 Tale melos, conchæ numen inesse cavæ.  
 Non etenim argutæ nemorum per opaca volucres,  
 Non querula e prono quæ cadit unda jugo,  
 Mulfissent unquam simili dulcedine mentes,  
 Quæve per umbrosas perstrepit aura domos.  
 Scilicet obstupuit turba hæc indocta rudisque  
 Vocis inauditæ capta canore novo,  
 Quam musæa mele chordæque juvare nequissent,  
 Quas digito Organici mobiliore cient.

## IN SYLVA SCRIPT.

CUR plausis trepidè, palumbe, pennis  
 Me nulli generis tui nocentem  
 Fugis, dum pede pervagor licenti  
 Secretas nemoris vias opaci.  
 Tuæ vocis enim sub arbore istâ  
 Murmur flebilitèr gementis olim  
 Angorem nimium levare suevit.  
 Talis nempè querela, quanquam iisdem  
 Modis fit repetita, pectus ægrum  
 Äquè commovet, ac melos süave  
 Quod fundit Philomela vere primo.

PICTORI EGREGIO THOMÆ  
BEACH.

O Tu qui calamo nimis fideli  
 Veros exprimis indolis colores  
 Et vultûs simul, hanc levem camænam  
 Mansuetè accipe, quæ licentiori  
 Modo, solvere vult tibi benigno  
 Grates, vix lepidas satis paresve  
 Manûs egregio tuæ labori.  
 Ah ne te species inanis unquam  
 Famæ, quæ fugitiva ludit usque  
 Viros qui vitreum colunt honorem,  
 Subducat proprio stylo tenacem  
 Adhuc ingenui et meri lepôris.

Tuum est, sitque diu, rudis popellì  
Laudes spernere, nec tibi timor fit  
Quin et posteritas beata fano  
Tandem judicio, tibi rependat  
Veros, quos meruisse laus, honores :  
Et ritè annumerabit inter Artis  
Primos, *Parrhasios* vetustioris,  
*Knellerosque* recentioris ævi.

## EPITAPHIUM ANNÆ STAINES.

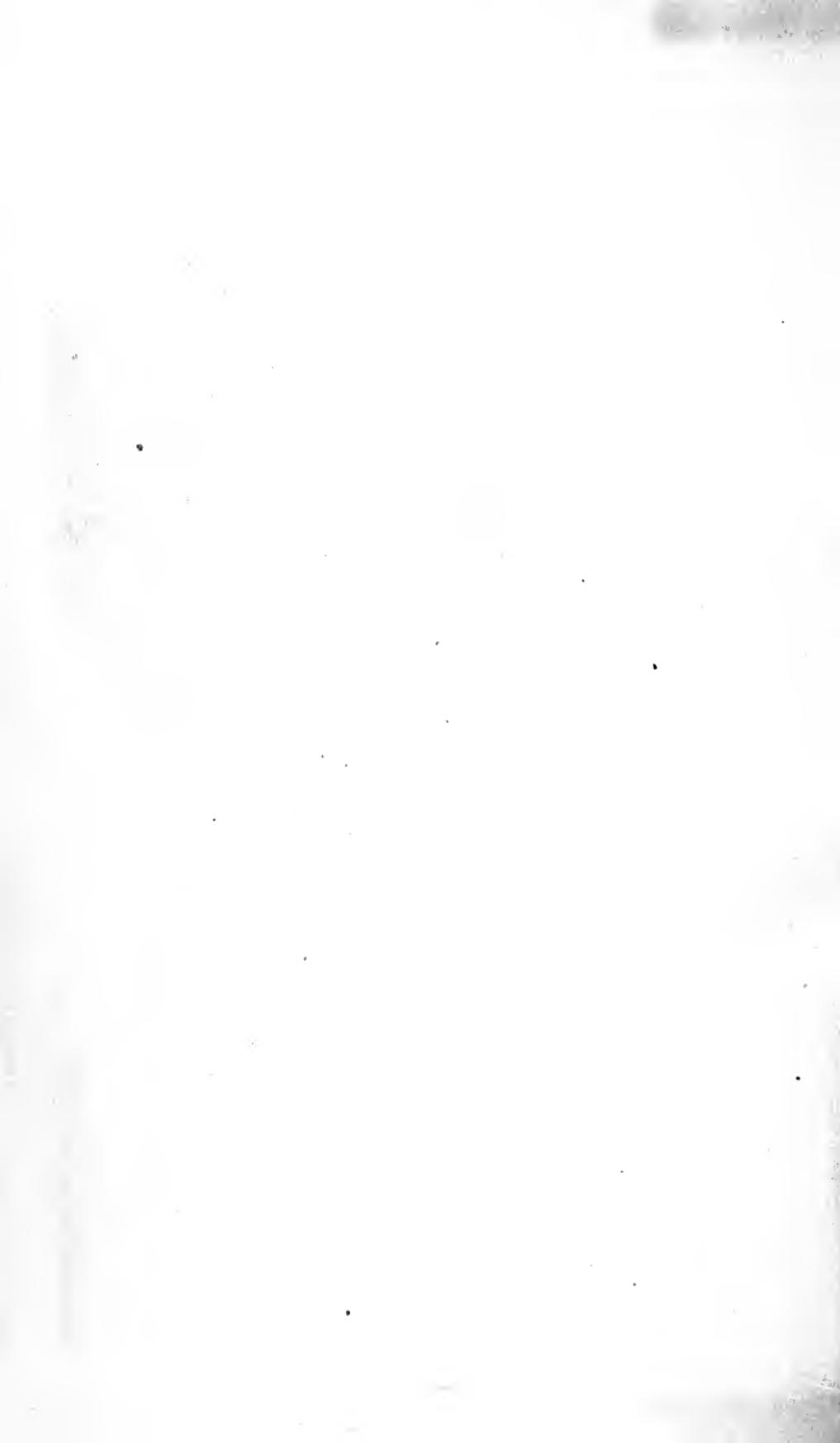
ERGO te Pietatis, Anna Mater,  
 Exemplar fideique terra condit  
 Heu luctu graviore prosequendam !  
 Te morum facilem, ingenîque lenis,  
 Nepotes recolunt tui frequentèr.  
 Te blandamque operam tuam requirit  
 Frater, jam senio gemens inertî,  
 Quæ sic sedulitate mollicellâ  
 Senectæ solita es levare curas,  
 Et miti poteras tuâ loquelâ  
 Dies fallere jam molestiores.  
 At te longa quies premit jacentem,  
 Quæ serò aut citiùs manebit omnes.











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Poems

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